

DAILY LOVE STORY.

"A-Ringing of the Golden Bells."

By OPIE READ.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Publishing Co.)
 At the window of a house among the hills a girl was sitting. Into the yard came running a man, waving his hat, shouting, "Miss! he cried, panting, 'I've got no time for explanations. I have been snake bit, and unless you've got whiskey there's no hope for me.'"

"Let me see the wound? Oh, on the hand—three little holes."

"Yes, and it was a rattlesnake, Whiskey!"

"No, it wasn't a rattlesnake," she said, carefully examining the wound. "I think it was what we call a spreading adder, and in that event milk is the best remedy."

"Miss, I've got no time to fool with milk."

Her eye, her smile, her voice, convinced him. She brought milk in a crock, "dripping with coolness" from the spring near by, and eagerly he drank.

"Of course you don't live here all alone," he said.

"No, not quite. But almost," she added, smiling. "My father is a doctor and is away a good deal of the time. There are so many snake bites this time of the year—but he always prescribes milk."

He got up to go.

The next day he came again. She met him with a smile. In her eyes beautiful mischief was playing.

"Miss, this bite—I don't know what else to call it—began to swell a little this morning, and the doctor we've got with us thought that in order to be on the safe side I ought to drink a little more of that milk. He complimented your treatment—said that it was one of the latest discoveries."

She went to the spring, laughing, and brought back a crock of milk.

"Miss, do you have this sort of weather up here all the time?"

"No, not in the winter."

"Well, that's what our doctor supposed—I mean he said you didn't. By the way, you said you had a brother in the Philippines."

"Yes, my brother Ned."

"I knew a chap over there named Ned Fraser—bullet-headed fellow, as game as they make 'em."

"That's my brother."

"You don't tell me! We messed together."

"How wonderful! But why didn't he ever mention you in his letters?"

"I don't know. Whom did he mention? Bob Plunkett? If he did, that's me."

"You don't tell me! Why, he talked about you all the time."

He came the next afternoon at 4, looking worried. "The fellows have all decided to break camp and go back to town," said he. "And this leaves me in a pretty bad fix, for I have discovered that our doctor is falling down on his theory of snake bite. He has reversed his decision and now says that cucumbers are good for me."

"Why, how rash!"

"Yes, that's what I told him. And you see the doctors in town don't know much about snakes. The fact is, miss, there ain't many doctors that can make a fellow forget his ailment—and at the same time give him one that he never will get over. Miss, I have been bitten by something that when it does go wrong is worse than a copperhead. Love lay coiled up in ambush and struck my heart, and there ain't but one doctor on earth that can do me any good. It has been all so sudden, I know, but in this life the great things happen suddenly, miss. And let me tell you—if you don't want to leave this paradise, I will stay here—and milk the cows for snake bites. I'll do anything. What! You ain't crying? Ha! You love me! Much obliged to you—I mean, God bless you!"

"I hear father putting up his horse," she said, her head on his shoulder.

"I don't, miss. I don't hear nothing but some angry way off yonder a-ringing of the golden bells."

"But what shall I tell father?"

"Well, you might tell him that I think he's one of the best snake doctors in the country."

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut these overalls for a child six years of age 2 1/2 yards of material 27

inches wide will be required.

Send for ten cents.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, 100 Broadway, New York City."

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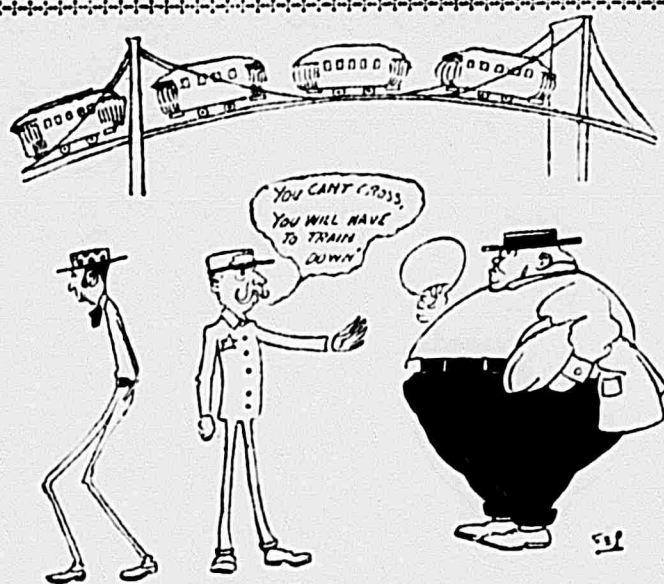
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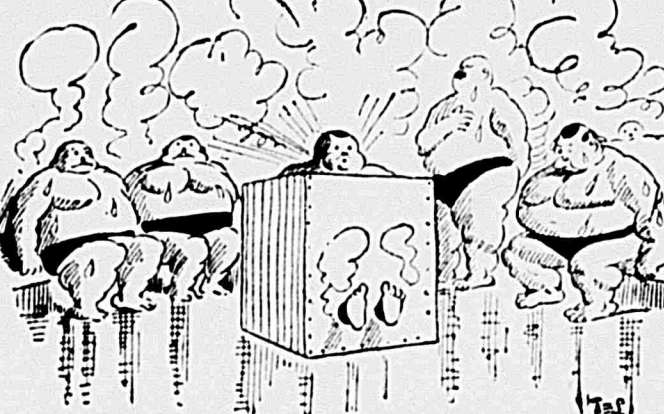
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HOW TO SAVE THE BRIDGE.

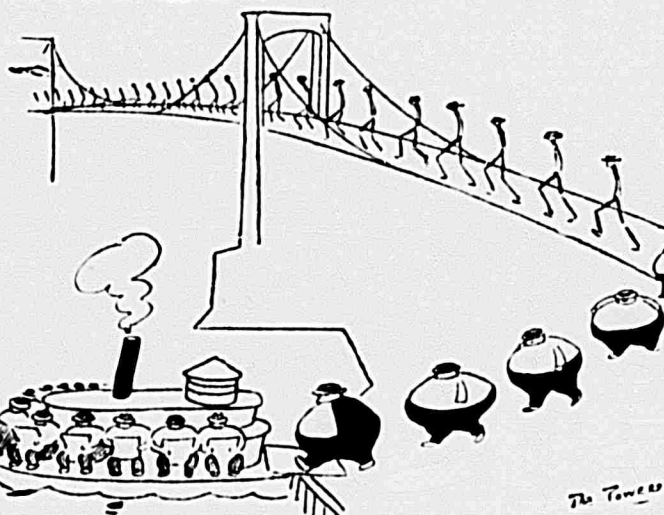
By T. E. POWERS.



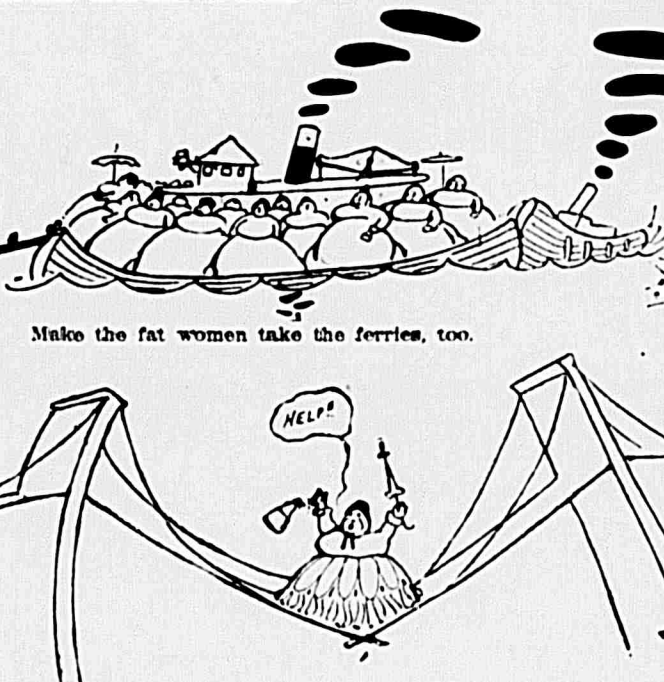
Let no fat men cross it.



Either boil them down to the required weight in steam-rooms located on the approaches.



Or make them take the ferries.



One fat woman loitering on the middle span of the bridge might do something like this to the structure.

BEHEADING INSECTS FOR SCIENCE.

KNOWING that the Academy of Medicine in Paris usually obtains the bodies of decapitated criminals for the purpose of experimenting on them, and especially with the object of ascertaining to what extent motions are made by a body after the head has been separated from it, Sig. Canestrini, an Italian scientist, thought that it would be worth while to make similar experiments on insects, and for several months he has been devoting his attention to this work.

Collecting a number of insects, he cut off their heads and then carefully noted what took place in each case. Some of the insects made no voluntary motion after being decapitated, but when touched or pinched gave every sign of life. The crickets remained on their feet in a natural position even when headless, but most of the other victims rolled over at once on their backs. Lively insects, like bees and ants, remained almost completely motionless after they had been decapitated, and not

until some time had elapsed did they seem to "realize" that they had lost their heads.

The most surprising fact, however, is that Sig. Canestrini saw butterflies fly eighteen days, and a few crickets jump thirteen days, after decapitation, and he even says that the insect known as Mantus religiosa moved quite freely fourteen days after its head had been removed.

In some insects, says Sig. Canestrini, the head and body remain extremely sensitive up to the last instant of life. A cricket, if lightly touched, will raise itself immediately, and if touched more than once, will jump about. That the head is still alive is shown by the movements of the antennae. A moist and congenial temperature tends to preserve the softness and vitality of the head and body, whereas a dry and warm temperature soon makes them rigid, fragile and insensible. This is most clearly shown in the case of crickets and grasshoppers, for if these insects are decapitated in cold weather and are then placed in moist ground, they will live much longer than they would if they had been decapitated in warm weather and had then been placed in dry ground.

THE KEY TO BEAUTY

AS REVEALED BY

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

To Be Fat Displeases Her.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I am troubled with fat which is very displeasing. Would be more than thankful for a recipe to reduce my weight.

A. H.

THE remedy is in your own hands. It takes a great deal of will-power, but any woman who is in fair health and wishes to reduce her size, if she is willing to follow the rules here given, may do so. Avoid all starchy and sweetened food, all cereals, vegetables containing sugar or starch, such as peas, beans, corn, potatoes, &c. Have

your bread toasted; sprinkle it with salt instead of butter. Milk, I regret to say, if it be pure and good, is fattening. Hot water is an excellent substitute for other liquids. Add a little of the juice of lemons or limes to it if you choose. Limit your sleeping hours to seven at the outside. No naps. You must take exercise.

If you cannot walk at least five miles a day, and do not wheel, go to one of the institutions where mechanical massage is given. Several of my correspondents report excellent results from this method of getting the vigorous ex-

ercise they require. The system is thoroughly wholesome and not expensive. In reducing flesh the one fact to remember is that fat is carbon-oxygen destroyed or burns out carbon. You must consume the carbon by the oxygen you take through your lungs. The more exercise the more oxygen and consequent destruction of fat by the one healthful method of curing obesity.

One fluid ounce, agitate until a complete solution is obtained.

Manicure Cosmetics.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Please publish a recipe for a pink powder for polishing

the finger nails, and also a recipe for a good finger-nail bleach.

Mrs. C. F. FORMULA for Polishing Powder for Finger Nails—Pumice stone, very finely powdered, two ounces; talc powder, one-half ounce; mix thoroughly; add enough pure carmine to make the pink shade desired; sift through fine bolting-cloth.

Oxalic acid, thirty grains; rose water, one fluid ounce; agitate until a complete solution is obtained.

Get a Surgeon for This Wart.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Is any prescription of any use for a wart on the upper eye-

KATE CAREW ABROAD.

HE WILL CROWN KING EDWARD.



The Right Rev.—or is it the Most Rev. or the Very Rev.? I'm so ignorant about these ecclesiastical questions! At all events, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, is one of the most picturesque figures in the House of Lords, and there it was that this impression of him was snatched as he said his say about some prosy little bill in which the Church party was interested. One of the best things about being Archbishop of Canterbury is that you may have a coronation to preside over. At next year's great ceremonial Dr. Temple will be second in importance only to the King.

WHAT IT WILL COME TO.



Mr. Toffytot—Or caws I couldn't let me team go out in hats that weren't quite up to the prevailing style, don'tchersee?

GOLF TERM.



"Putting on the green."

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I am a young girl eighteen years old, and am very fond of Oxford ties, but cannot wear them on account of being bowlegged. I have belonged to a gymnasium and it has not made the slightest improvement. What can I do?

Miss M. W.

I AM sorry to say I think at your age it would be difficult to effect a cure for bowlegs. The bones are pliable in infancy and youth, but I do not know of a case where they have been corrected by any simple method at your age.

"Crack," as you describe it.

She Cannot Wear Oxford Ties.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I am a young girl eighteen years old, and am very fond of Oxford ties, but cannot wear them on account of being bowlegged. I have belonged to a gymnasium and it has not made the slightest improvement. What can I do?

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

EVERYBODY'S COLUMN

Is a Dog Personal Property?

To the Editor of The Evening World: I want to know if a dog is not a man's personal property, and if it can be taken away from him. There was a decision in your paper about this matter about four months ago from the Supreme Court, and I would like to get that decision. It read: "A dog is a man's personal property and cannot be taken away from him without due process of law, as in any other piece of personal property."

T. S. DUTCHER, Nyack, N. Y.

The Slow Elevator.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Why are elevators in hotels and stores so slow? If it is to avoid scaring women then women better stay home till they can get over being afraid of the cars. Meantime we men lose loads of time by the crawling elevators.

IRA P. HUSTED, Jr.

Injustice to Street Cleaners.

To the Editor of The Evening World: On July 1 the Street-Cleaning Commissioner gave orders to his foremen that from the above date there would be only three days a week for the street cleaners. I believe an injustice has been done to the poor, hard-working laborers by giving them only three days per week, especially when the men only have from May 1 to Nov. 15. If one-half of the clerical force who are in another's way at the Richmond building, shooting craps, &c., were laid off, the men with the brooms could keep our streets in sanitary condition.

PATRICK O'HARA.

West New Brighton, S. I.

Hydrophobics for Hydrophobia.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I have read a number of times about cases of hydrophobia. Not long ago a Brooklyn man was taken with that dreadful disease and died in a few hours. This sad occurrence brings to mind an incident which took place on board of a ship in mid-ocean on a hot summer day. The vessel that I was on had a large Newfoundland dog on board. The dog was stricken with hydrophobia and while in the fit jumped overboard. A few minutes afterward we got him on board cured. If this had been tried on some of those cases, throwing them into a salt-water tank, it might have cured them.

JOHN PETERSON.

The Unsanitary Flat.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I'll admit that dark, stuffy rooms in flats are bad enough, but how about the people who live in the flats? They must be totally ignorant of the laws of hygiene. The majority of the flat-dwellers in New York don't know enough to open their windows, top and bottom, in order to facilitate the escape of the heated air, not to speak of the odors of cooking.

SANITARY REFORMER.

Complain to the Board of Health.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Every night, and early morning, the people of our vicinity are disturbed by an outrageous banging of milk cans which are unloaded and loaded in the street. Will you kindly let me know to whom and where to apply to have this nuisance stopped?

FOURTH AND PERRY STREETS.

WHY?

SOMETIMES how near you are. Sometimes how dear you are. Then, then, so far, so far, take some far star you are.

Sometimes through you, through you I see the gray sky blue. And feel the warmth of May In the December day.

Sometimes, sometimes I let All burdens fall, forget All cares and every fear In your sweet atmosphere.

Then, then, alas! alas! Why does it come to pass, Before the hour goes by, Before my dream doth die?

I drift and drift away Out of your light of day. Out of your warmth and cheer, Your blessed atmosphere?

Why does it come to pass? Alas! and still alas! Why doth the world prevail, Why doth the spirit fail,

And hide itself away Behind its wall of clay? Some time began—alas! Why doth it come to pass?

Nora Perry in the Philadelphia Times

VENEERED DIAMONDS.

EVERY one is aware that when real diamonds are cut a quantity of fine dust is given off which is apparently valueless. But lapidaries collect the sweepings from the table and sell them to the makers of artificial gems at 20 per pound, who purify them with acid that destroys even the dust, but the pure diamond dust. This is mixed with another acid and placed under enormous pressure, which results in sheets of diamond dust as thin as paper being given off.

The facets of the sham stone are then covered with transparent cement and a layer of artificial paper laid upon them. When dry the false jewels, veneered with the real dust, are so similar to the genuine stones that they are often sold in pure gold, but no one but an expert can detect the difference and then only with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. This is, of course, the most expensive method of making diamonds, inasmuch as one that has been properly veneered cannot be purchased for less than \$2.50.

CUCUMBER SANDWICHES.

CARE one or more cucumbers, and with a sharp knife cut in very thin slices. Soak in slightly salted water for fifteen minutes, then drain and dry on a towel. Dip each slice in mayonnaise and arrange between thin slices of buttered bread. These sandwiches must be used as soon as they are made.